Fun and Games

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Fun and Games

by snapdragonpop007

Summary

“Did I ever tell you about a game Tisha and I used to play?” Will asked. “We called it autopsy.”

“You mentioned it once in passing,” Hannibal murmured.

“It was a fun game. I really do miss playing it." Will said.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The knife was a cool point against Will's throat.

Hannibal had moved so fast that Will hadn't even noticed, but he smiled anyway and kept slicing the carrots. Thinly cut, Hannibal had told him, because even though Will was helping with dinner he certainly wasn't in control of anything in the kitchen.

And that was fine. Will liked it that way.

"Did I ever tell you about a game Tisha and I used to play?" Will asked. "We called it autopsy."

Hannibal drew the knife back and replaced it with his hand, the warmth of it a striking difference to the metal of the knife. He squeezed Will's throat gently, then kissed his jaw and settled his hands on Will's hips.

"You mentioned it once in passing," Hannibal murmured. "It was when we first met, if I recall correctly."

Will sliced the last carrot. It looked too thick, and he frowned at it before picking it off the cutting board and feeding it to Winston, who was sitting patiently by his side. Hannibal frowned, and Will smiled again and reached a hand pack to pat the top of his head. Then he patted Winston's head and ignored Hannibal's near silent huff.

The kitchen was warm and Hannibal was warm and it made Will feel just a little light headed.

"It was a fun game. We used to cut each other, see if we could get deep enough to see our organs. We never did--we were far too young to know just how intricate the human body was," Will lifted his hand and brought it back again, placing it on Hannibal's cheek for a moment before dancing his fingers down his neck. "Tisha did get to the bone once. My ribs. She was trying to get to my lungs, I think."

Hannibal went very still.

"We stopped playing pretty quickly after that. Not because we didn't want to, but we grew up and then Tisha was marrying Gomez and moving to Baltimore." Will slipped out of Hannibal's hold. He picked up the cutting board and smoothly slid to the stove, dumping the carrots into the stew.

Then he set the board down, turned back to Hannibal, and pressed the knife into his hand.

"I really *do* miss playing it." Will said.

Hannibal stared at him.

"So how about you finish cooking, clean that knife off, then see if *you* can reach my lungs." Will trailed his hand down Hannibal's side, then smoothly stepped away from him and left the kitchen.

Will heard something clatter to the ground and a string of biting words in a forgin language.

He grinned, and all but skipped up the stairs.

End Notes

i'm just trying to get out of my writing slump so I thought I'd go back to this dumb au and see if that helps

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